VOL. I.] LITERARY TABLET. [No. VI.

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HINDU PHILOSOPHER.

[CONTINUED.]

THE Mock Epic Poem entitled M'Fingal, is a high inſtance of keen wit, ſevere ſatire, and poetical beauty.

The author poſſeſſes a mind originally ingenious, acute and brilliant; he has drawn in to his aid the ſtores of Grecian and Roman learning; he is perfectly at home, when upon claſſical ground, and alludes with the moſt happy familiarity to the higheſt monuments of poetical genius.

It is impoſſible to peruſe a ſingle page of his admirable production without delight. The lines which open the fourth Canto I have ſelected, to afford thee a moment's pleaſure.

"Now night came down, and roſe full ſoon
That patroneſs of rogues, the moon;
Beneath whoſe kind protecting ray
Wolves, brute and human, prowl for prey.
The honeſt world all ſnor'd in chorus,
While owls and ghoſts and thieves and tories,
Whom erſt the mid-day ſun had aw'd,
Crept from their lurking holes abroad.
On cautious hinges, ſlow and ſtiller
Wide op'd the great M'Fingal's cellar,
Where ſhut from prying eyes in cluſter,
The tory Pandemonium muſter.
Their chiefs all ſitting round deſcried are,
On kegs of ale and ſeats of cyder;
When firſt M'Fingal, dimly ſeen,
Roſe ſolemn from the turnip bin.
Nor yet his form had wholly loſt
The original brightneſs, it could boaſt,
Nor leſs appear'd than Juſtice Quorum,
In feather'd majeſty before 'em."

The deſcription of M'Fingal's tarring and feathering is ſo humorous, that I cannot forbear extracting it.

"Forthwith the croud proceed to deck,
With halter'd nooſe M'Fingal's neck,
While he, in peril of his ſoul,
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;
Then lifting high the pond'rous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the ſmoking tar:
* * * * * * * * *
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
Firſt met and drank the ſable ſtream;
Adown his viſage ſtern and grave,
Roll'd and adher'd the viſcid wave;
With arms depending as he ſtood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;
From noſe and chin's remoteſt end,
The tarry icicles depend;
Till all o'erſpread with colors gay
He glitter'd to the weſtern ray,
Like fleet-bound trees in wintry ſkies,
Or Lapland idol carv'd in ice.
And now the feather-bag diſplay'd,
Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head.
And ſpreads him o'er with feathers miſſive
And down upon the tar adheſive."

Again, the deſcription of the proceſſion:

"Then on the two-wheeled car of ſtate,
They rais'd our grand Triumvirate.
* * * * * * *
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our feather'd 'ſquire;
In front the martial muſic comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling ſound of carriage bells,
And treble creek of ruſted wheels;
Behind, the crowd in lengthen'd row
With grave proceſſion cloſ'd the ſhow." &c.

Indeed, to do juſtice to this Poem, I ſhould be obliged to tranſcribe the whole. No Poem of American compoſition has gained equal celebrity, and commanded in an equal degree, the admiration both of Europeans and Americans.

HUMPHREYS alſo has gained conſiderable reputation as a poet; but his productions have been ſhort and occaſional. Some of his beſt pieces were written amidſt the tumult of a camp, and cannot, therefore, be expected to exhibit the accuracy of a cloſeted ſtudent. Although ſometimes incorrect, he exhibits undeniable proof of poetical genius. He was at once a ſoldier, a poet, and a gentleman.

The following is an extract from his elegy on the burning of a town by the Britiſh troops. It was written on the ſpot, ſoon after the event.

"Ye ſmoking ruins, marks of hoſtile ire,
Ye aſhes warm, which drink the tears that flow;
Ye deſolated plains my voice inſpire,
And give ſoft muſic to the ſong of woe.
How pleaſant Fairfield, on th' enraptur'd ſight,
Roſe thy tall ſpires, and op'd thy ſocial halls;
How oft, my boſom beat with pure delight,
At yonder ſpot where ſtand the darken'd walls.
But there the voice of mirth reſounds no more,
A ſilent ſadneſs thro' the ſtreet prevails:
The diſtant main alone is heard to roar,
And hollow chimnies hum with ſullen gales.
Save where ſcorch'd Elms th' untimely foliage ſhed,
Which ruſtling hovers round the faded green;
Save where at twilight penſive mourners tread
Mid recent graves o'er deſolation's ſcene."

The four poets whom I have mentioned are ſtill in the vigor of life. The three laſt are natives of a ſmall province, lying to the North, called Connecticut; and all of them were educated at the ſame ſchool, and were mutually companions and friends.

HOPKINSON is a poet of great brilliancy, elegance and wit. His productions however are ſhort and occaſional. During the laſt war, which has exiſted in this country, a plan was deviſed by the Americans, to blow up the Britiſh fleets, by means of powder kegs. The conſternation, ſpread among the Britiſh, by ſome of theſe kegs floating down the Delaware, among their ſhipping, is moſt humorouſly deſcribed by Hopkinſon, in "The Battle of the Kegs." It would be doing the poet injuſtice to extract any part of it, without giving the whole.

It will be admired, ſo long as a taſte for wit ſhall exiſt in the world.

LIVINGSTON, as being one of the firſt, by whom elegant verſe was written in America, deſerves to be mentioned.

He diſcovers genius, taſte, and univerſally juſt ſentiments.

A Poem, called *the Power of Genius*, has lately appeared in this metropolis; it is of unequal merit in its different parts, and has hardly paſſed the public ſcrutiny in ſuch a manner, as to gain a decided character. I heſitate not however to ſay that the writer is a poet, and a man of genius.

He is not always perfectly correct in the uſe of figures, but his Poem certainly poſſeſſes much merit.

Take the following lines as an example. The poet is eulogiſing the moſt diſtinguiſhed bards of ancient and modern times.

"Amidſt his native wilds and miſty plains
Sublimeſt Oſſian pours his wizard ſtrains,
The voice of old reviſits his dark dream,
On his ſad ſoul the deeds of warriors beam;
Alone he ſits upon the diſtant hill,
Beneath him falls the melancholy rill.
His harp lies by him on the ruſtling graſs,
The deer before him thro' the thickets paſs;
No hunter winds his flow and ſullen horn,
No whiſtling cowherd meets the breath of morn;
O'er the ſtill heath the meteors dart their light
And round him ſweep the mournful blaſts of night.
O voice of Cora, bard of other times,
May thy bold ſpirit viſit theſe dull climes;
May the brave chieftains of thy rugged plains
Remember Oſſian, and revere his ſtrains.

Theſe are the moſt diſtinguiſhed American poets. Many ſhort and occaſional productions have fallen in my way, and ſome of them poſſeſs a high degree of merit; but as they are generally committed to pamphlets and newſpapers, they hardly ſurvive the revolutions of a year. A poem of this kind, however, intituled *the Preſent State of Literature*, poſſeſſes uncommon merit, and the cloſing lines of it, ſhall alſo cloſe this epiſtle.

"And O, ſweet Poeſy! thou nymph forlorn,
Cold, and unheeded, as the wintry thorn;
Still may thy voice be heard, where Ganges flows,
Or winter ſits, girt with eternal ſnows;
No venal ſpot upon thy robe be ſeen;
No luſtful paſſion wanton in thy mein;
Still may'ſt thou lead with thy enchanting ſtrain,
The mimic arts, light dancing in thy train;
Fair virtue hail thee with a ſiſter's eye;
Love own thy power, and pity learn to ſigh.
May ſacred truth, from thy rich wardrobe dreſs'd,
Come ſmiling forth, of every charm poſſeſs'd,
And faith and piety, upborne by thee,
From earth aſcend and bend th' adoring knee."

Thou, my dear El Haſſan, wilt perceive with pleaſure, the alluſion which this writer makes to our beloved country. To me it was grateful as the fragrance of the morning to the early traveller.

From EDGEWORTH'S *Practical Education.*

CHARITY to the poor is often inculcated in books for children; but how is this virtue to be actually brought into practice in childhood?—Without proper objects of charity are ſelected by the parents, children have no opportunities of diſcovering them; they have not ſufficient knowledge of the world to diſtinguiſh truth from falſehood in the complaints of the diſtreſſed; nor have they ſufficiently enlarged views to diſcern the beſt means of doing good to their fellow-creatures. They may give away money to the poor, but they do not always feel the value of what they give; they give counters: ſupplied with all the neceſſaries and luxuries of life, they have no uſe for money, they feel no privation, they make no ſacrifice in giving money away, or at leaſt none worthy to be extolled as heroic. When children grow up, they learn the value of money; their generoſity will then coſt them rather more effort, and yet can be rewarded only with the ſame expreſſions of gratitude, with the ſame bleſſings from the beggar or the ſame applauſe from the ſpectator. Let us put charity out of the queſtion, and ſuppoſe that the generoſity of children is diſplayed in making preſents to their companions; ſtill there are difficulties. Theſe preſents are uſually baubles, which at beſt can encourage only a frivolous taſte. But we muſt further conſider, that even generous children are apt to expect generoſity equal to their own from their companions; then come tacit or explicit compariſons of the value or elegance of their reſpective gifts; the difficult rules of exchange and barter are to be learned; and nice calculations of tare and tret are entered into by the repentant borrower and lender: a ſentimental too often ends in a commercial intercourſe; and thoſe who begin with the moſt munificent diſpoſitions, ſometimes end with ſelfiſh diſcontent, low cunning, or diſguſting oſtentation.

Children who have never lived with ſervants, who have never aſſociated with ill educated companions of their own age, and who in their own family have heard nothing but good converſation, and ſeen none but good examples; will in their language, their manners, and their whole diſpoſitions, be not only free from many of the faults common amongſt children, but they will abſolutely have no idea that there are ſuch faults.—Such children ſhould be ſeduloufly kept from contagion; their minds are untainted; they are ſafe in that ſpecies of ignorance which can alone deſerve the name of bliſs. No books ſhould be put into the hands of this happy claſs of children but ſuch as preſent the beſt models of virtue; there is no occaſion to ſhock them with caricatures of vice. Such caricatures they will not even underſtand to be well drawn, becauſe they are unacquainted

with any thing like the originals. Examples to deter them from faults to which they have no propenſity, muſt be uſeleſs, and may be dangerous. The love of novelty and of imitation is ſo ſtrong in children, that even for the pleaſure of imitating characters deſcribed in a book, or actions which ſtrike them as ſingular, they often commit real faults.

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REVENGE.

IF religion forbids us to avenge ourſelves, prudence requires us not to expoſe ourſelves to the temptation of doing it. A heathen hath given us an illuſtrious example of this prudent conduct, which I am recommending to you :—I ſpeak of Pompey the Great : He had defeated Perpenna, and the traitor offered to deliver to him the papers of Sertorius ; among which, were letters from ſeveral of the moſt powerful men in Rome, who had promiſed to receivee Sertorius into Italy, and to put all to death who ſhould attempt to reſiſt him. Pompey took all the papers, burnt all the letters ; by that means prevented all the bloody conſequences which would have followed ſuch fatal diſcoveries ; and, along with them, ſacrificed that paſſion, which many, who are called chriſtians, find the moſt difficult to ſacrifice—I mean revenge. [*Saurin's Beauties.*]

For the LITERARY TABLET.

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"Quid leges, ſine ingenio ?"

"Say, what's the beneft of learned rules ?
"The Muſe rejects ſuch trappings, fit for fools."

OF all the fooliſh opinions that the head of man entertains, it is the moſt fooliſh, that a Poet may be created by labor. Againſt this abſurd notion, we have not only the authority of real poets, but, what is equally convincing in this caſe, the authority of all the falſe ones alſo. The latter verify by their examples, what the former aſſert in their remarks, and this is perhaps the only inſtance in which true genius and hollow pretenſion concur in the ſame point. It was an obſervation among the Romans, which time and uſe ſanctified into a maxim, that "Labor conquers all things." However true in general, there is yet one grand exception to this rule, which all rhymeſters would do well to heed. Labor never can conquer the reluctance of the Muſe to ſmile on any but her elect. Other females, celeſtial or human, Goddeſſes or miſtreſſes, will relent ſomething to aſſiduity, pardon ſomething to paſſion, and ſometimes be ſoftened, by intreaty, into condeſcenſion — Not ſo the ſovereign of a Poet's ſoul.

"In vain ye woo, tho' on your tongues you bear
"The pureſt incenſe of perpetual prayer ;
"Tho' months of ſighs and years of labor prove,
"How fervent, earneſt, ardent is your love ;
"Not all your vows ſhall melt her heart to grace,
"Nor win one ſmile of favor from her face."

As an artiſt may form a complete image of the human body, with great exactneſs and nice proportion, turn the limbs, give the true ſhade of complexion, arrange every feature, and adjuſt the whole to a natural poſition, but muſt lack, after all, the power of inſpiring breath and giving motion ; ſo may one erect, by the help of the critics and his dictionary, a fabric of rhyme ; meaſure preciſely every line, variate the cæſura, and labor all into a harmony of numbers, but if the inſpiration, if the *vivida vis animi* be wanting, it is rhyme ſtill, but not poetry. Nature claims the praiſe of making poets. She will ſcarcely conſent that art ſhall divide, and in no caſe, that ſhe ſhall monopolize it. Cicero, with all his fire, his brilliancy, his literature and his unbounded command of language, could never make a tolerable verſe. When he had labored to his own entire ſatisfaction, he exclaimed, with great emphaſis, and great truth, "POETS ARE BORN !"

There are men of juſt taſte, of nice powers of diſcrimination and ambitious of the laurel, who yet never can attain to it. The power of judging is one thing—the capacity of performing quite another thing. Others are neither workmen at the trade themſelves, nor judges of the work of others. This claſs is the moſt noxious, becauſe they cannot diſcover why their own *oily* lucubrations do not bear the ſtamp of Apollo. A character of this kind is well ridiculed by Smollet. A *petticoated pedant* ſits in her ſtudy in a dirty undreſs ; with one foot on the floor, the other in a high chair. A night-cap adorns her head. Her eyes roll like thoſe of a perſon in convulſion ; her face is diſtorted into a figure that mocks geometry, with all its *rhombuſes* and *rhomboides*. She bites her "nether lip" as if in torture ; at length, ſhe violently ſtrikes her table, exclaims "I have it !" and immediately recites the following line of the true ſublime—ridiculous——

"Nor dare the immortal gods my rage oppoſe !"

No one, by taking thought can add to his ſtature one cubit ; nor can he more eaſily violate the law that ſhuts him from the font of Hellicon, than from the dwarfiſhneſs of five feet, he can at once ſtart up into the altitude of the ſon of Gath.—Bavius and Moevius ſaid they were poets ; nature ſaid they were not, and in the ſtrong expreſſion of Swift, "Virgil will wear them pinned on his ſleeve to eternity," monuments of their own miſtake. In the amazing variety of human minds, few are formed, by cultivation, for any ſpecies of literary excellence. Of this few, how ſmall is the number of original geniuſes, of wits and of poets ? All antiquity produced but one Homer, and three thouſand years more have only ſhown one Milton. In a country where there are ſix millions of people, there are not perhaps twenty whoſe rhymes will outlive themſelves ; probably not three who, after ſettling their accounts with Minos and Mercury, will be permitted to aſſociate with the ghoſts of Pope and Butler ; and alas ! not one, who ſhall bear the fame of his country to the ſacred arbor, where the *Epic Poets* repoſe under the ſhade of the ever-blooming laurel. Theſe conſiderations ought to check the aſpiring ardor of poetic praiſe. "Different minds incline to different objects." We conſult as little our duty as our intereſt, while we counteract the deſtination of nature. If the public were leſs burdened with miſerable rhymes, it might foſter, with greater care, the plant of true poetry, wherever it were found, and though magazines would be leſs crowded, and ballads leſs numerous, both might be more ſaleable.

Whoever thinks to climb to fame by the force of rules and jingle of words, is a ſad example of miſtaken opinion, and while he fancies that he inhales the immortalizing air of Parnaſſus, is ſuffocating with the oblivious mephitis of Beotia.

"Fruitleſs is the attempt
"By dull obedience and the curb of Rules,
"For creeping toil to climb the hard aſcent
"Of high Parnaſſus. Nature's kindling breath
"Muſt fire the choſen genius ; nature's hand
"Muſt point the path, and imp his eagle wings
"Exulting o'er the painful ſteep to ſoar
"High as the ſummit ; there to breathe at large
"Ethereal air ; with bards and ſages old,
"Immortal ſons of praiſe." R.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON POPE's ELEGY

To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady :

Containing a Narrative of her affecting Story.

[*From Ruffhead's life of Pope.*]

THIS unfortunate lady, as Mr. Pope very properly calls her, was diſtinguiſhed by her rank, fortune and beauty, and was committed to the guardianſhip of an uncle, who gave her an education ſuitable to her expectations ; but while ſhe was yet very young, ſhe was ſuppoſed to have entertained a partiality for a young gentleman of inferior degree, which occaſioned her to refuſe a match which her guardian propoſed her.

It was not long before her correſpondence with this gentleman was diſcovered by means of ſpies, whom her guardian had employed to watch over her conduct, when he upbraided her with this ſecret intercourſe, ſhe had too much truth and honor to deny the charge.

The uncle, finding her affections ſo rooted, that ſhe had not power to withdraw them, forced her abroad, where ſhe was received with the reſpect due to her quality, but confined from the ſight of every one but the dependants of this rigid guardian.

Her deſpondent lover tranſmitted ſeveral letters on the faith of repeated aſſurances, that they would be privately delivered to her, but his hopes were betrayed, and his letters, inſtead of being preſented to the object of his affection, were ſent to England, and ſerved only to render her confinement more ſtrait and ſevere.

In this miſerable and hopeleſs condition, ſhe languiſhed a conſiderable time in ſickneſs and ſorrow, till at length ſhe put an end to her life with a ſword, which ſhe bribed a woman ſervant to procure her, and was found yet warm upon the ground.

Being, by the laws of the place, denied chriſtian ſepulture, ſhe was interred without the leaſt ſolemnity, being caſt into the common earth, without any mournful attendants to perform the laſt duties of affection, and only followed by ſome people in the neighborhood, who beſtrewed her grave with flowers.

Such a moving cataſtrophe might have inſpired a ſavage with ſenſibility ; but in Mr. Pope it awakened all the power of Pathos. With what awful ſolemnity he ſuddenly commands our attention, and calls forth all our ſympathy, in the very opening where he fancies to behold the apparition of the bleeding fair.

"What beck'ning ghoſt along the moonlight ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade ?
'Tis ſhe !—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword ?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well ?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part ?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think or bravely die ?"

The indignation which he expreſſes againſt the inhuman guardian is very ſtriking and affecting.

"But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deſerter of thy brother's blood !
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks now fading at the blaſt of death."

Then follows a ſudden execration ſo forcible that it inſtantly ſtrikes the mind with terror.

"Thus if eternal juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall."

The poet farther deſcribing the ſudden vengeance which ſhall wait ſuch inhumanity, breaks forth into the following bold proſopopœia.

"While paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
As the long funerals blacken all the way,
Lo ! theſe were they whoſe ſouls the furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
So periſh all whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe."

How inimitably has the poet contrived to temper the horror of the dire execrations he vented, by cloſing with a paſſage of exquiſite humanity and ſympathy.

With what inexpreſſible tenderneſs likewiſe, and with what moving accents does he aggravate her deplorable fate, by introducing the affecting circumſtance of her dying in a foreign land unattended by any mournful friend to grace her obſequies.

"No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honor'd and by ſtrangers mourn'd !"

The forcible repetition of the word foreign, has, as the critic obſerves, an admirable effect conſtantly to recall to mind the aggravated circumſtance which the poet would impreſs on the reader's ſenſibility.

The poet, with great judgment and addreſs reſerves the affecting circumſtance of her being denied the rites of ſepulture, with which he cloſes theſe moving exclamations.

"What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb!
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flowers be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow."

What a delicate poetical fancy is diſplayed in theſe concluding lines! In ſhort, a reader of any taſte and ſenſibility, muſt thrill at every line of this excellent elegy, which produces that ſympathetic effect ariſing from all heartfelt compoſitions.

H.

THE MARCHIONESS DE GANGE.

[*Continued from No. V.*]

WHILE the abbe became every day more odious in the eyes of madame de Gange, and while he carefully avoided any other communication with him, than the moſt diſtant politeneſs required, her huſband's younger brother, the chevalier, appeared to her in a very different light. Without poſſeſſing an underſtanding equal to either of the others, his manners were ſofter, and his temper ſeemed more equal and amiable; and though madame de Gange felt no other ſentiments for him than thoſe of friendſhip, which their alliance authoriſed, yet ſhe grew inſenſibly fond of his company, and found great relief in opening her heart freely to him, on all her domeſtic uneaſineſs; while the compariſon ſhe could not avoid making, between his gentle attentions and the turbulent and inſolent paſſion with which the abbe had dared to trouble her, never failed to be greatly in his favour. But unhappily the chevalier, equally ſuſceptible of the power of beauty, could not be continually with her, and receive marks of her eſteem, without feeling the ſame paſſion riſing in his boſom. The regard ſhe teſtified for him on all occaſions, and the pleaſure ſhe took in his ſociety, inſpired him with hopes, that ſhe was very far from meaning to give. The abbe ſoon ſaw the ſituation of his brothers heart, and ſaw it with inexpreſſible rage and anguiſh. He determined to watch them narrowly; but having done ſo for ſome time, all his malice did not enable him to diſcover any one circumſtance, that was at all inconſiſtent with the pureſt virtue, on the part of madame de Gange. Though he was irritated to diſtraction, by the partiality ſhe ſo avowedly ſhewed the chevalier, yet he wiſhed to try whether it was to him only her virtue was impregnable; and he determined to ſpeak to the chevalier, and to engage him to puſh his good fortune. For this purpoſe, he took the firſt opportunity of their being alone, to ſay to him—"Brother, we are both "in love with the marchioneſs; if you can make "yourſelf acceptable, I will withdraw my pre"tenſions, and ſhall be ſatisfied to rejoice in your "happineſs; but if you fail, I expect you will "have the generoſity to acknowledge it, and give "me leave, in my turn, to try my fortune. I "truſt that we are ſo much united, that we ſhall "not be embroiled about a woman." The chevalier, who was a dupe to this pretended generoſity, proteſted, that, rather than give his brother, the abbe, any uneaſineſs, he would endeavour to conquer his paſſion. "No," ſaid the abbe, "if "I ſee you happy, I ſhall be content. My friend"ſhip is yet dearer to me than my love." They embraced on the ſtrength of this convention, and the chevalier agreed immediately to open the ſiege. In conſequence of which, though he never had the courage to declare himſelf in ſuch direct terms as the abbe had done, he threw ſo much paſſion into his eyes and manners, and redoubled his aſſiduities in a way ſo much warmer than mere brotherly ſentiments would have inſpired, that madame de Gange could not miſtake their ſource; and ſoon found it neceſſary to avoid his company, at much as ſhe had till then ſought it. But as ſhe perceived, that this alteration in her conduct, marked as it was, did not ſufficiently diſcourage him, ſhe ſometimes mingled in her converſation the moſt poignant raillery, on the miſtakes the chevalier often made in company: and though ſhe was naturally very candid, and wiſhed to palliate or conceal ſuch errors, ſhe made uſe of this method to let the chevelier ſee how contemptible he appeared to her, and by that means to deprive him of all the hopes her kindneſs had made him entertain; and perhaps to this ſeverity ſhe owed the cruel revenge he harboured againſt her, ſince nothing is ſo likely to pique ſuch a man, and to irritate him beyond forgiveneſs, as to let him ſee he is contemned and deſpiſed, for weakneſs of which he is conſcious. Certainly it is, that the chevalier was, by this means, not only cured of his preſumption, but his love for his ſiſter-in-law was changed into the bittereſt and moſt inveterate hatred. As ſoon as the chevalier acknowledged that he gave up the ſuit as hopeleſs, the abbe returned to the charge. He found that cementing the union between his brother, the marquis, and madame, had procured him none of the advantages he expected from the gratitude of the latter, and he determined to try the effect of an oppoſite conduct, and to inſpire the marquis with jealouſy, to which he was naturally inclined. For this purpoſe he affected to remark, that madame de Gange had lately taken particular delight in aſſociating with a certain party among whom was a young man of a moſt engaging perſon and manners; and in fact, madame de Gange was fond of his ſociety, and frequently converſed with him, but always in company with people of rank and reputation, and with that purity of heart, which feeling itſelf incapable of ill, never imagines it can be ſuſpected of it.

Such an object, however, as this young man, was exactly ſuited to promote the deſigns of the abbe; and he repreſented her partiality in ſuch a light to the marquis, that he became inflamed with the moſt furious jealouſy, and, forgetting the common forms of decency, he not only perpetually inſulted his wife with language the moſt affronting and injurious, but proceeded to greater enormities; while the abbe, continually pouring oil on the flame, the ſituation of the unhappy madame de Gange became every day more inſupportable. But ſhe made no attempt to undeceive her huſband, as to the motive of his brothers conduct, foreſeeing, that whatever ſhe could ſay would be totally fruitleſs. The abbe having ſuffered her to continue for ſometime under the ſufferings he had himſelf occaſioned, determined again to attempt moving her in favor of himſelf. She ſo cautiouſly avoided any interview with him, that it was not without difficulty he found an opportunity of ſpeaking to her alone. At length he contrived to join her in the garden. "Well, mad"ame," ſaid he, attempting to take her hand—"Are we always to be enemies? Why do you "oblige me to make you unhappy, when you "know I would ſacrifice my life to your ſatisfac"tion. By what you have lately experienced, "you find I did not exaggerate my power, when I "told you it depended on me, to make you the "moſt unhappy of women: and you know that "you may, on certain terms, engage me to uſe "that power only to contribute to your felicity." Madame de Gange heard him without interruption; and, as ſoon as he had concluded his harangues, ſhe caſt on him a look expreſſive of the moſt profound contempt, and walked from him without deigning to reply; leaving the abbe more enraged and mortified than before. It was about this time that the marchioneſs de Gange, and ſeveral perſons who were with her, eat of ſome cream in which arſenic had been infuſed, but in ſo ſmall quantity, that the oily nature of the vehicle, in which it was adminiſtered, prevented its having the ill effect that had been intended. On this occaſion, a prediction, that had been made to her ſome years before, at Paris, returned to her remembrance:—an aſtrologer, whom it was the faſhion to conſult, aſſured her ſhe would die a violent death; and though ſhe had too much ſenſe to give much credit to the vain and fallacious ſcience of divination, ſhe could not, on this event, forbear ſpeaking of the prediction that had been made. The affair of the poiſoned cream made for ſome time a great noiſe at Avignon; but, as the marchioneſs was the firſt to forbear ſpeaking of it, it was ſoon forgotten, like all other wonders of the day.

[*To be continued.*]

DELICATE BENEVOLENCE.

TWO young Ladies, of a diſtinguiſhed family in the Weſt of England, were lately ſo far reduced in life as to be compelled to take in Needle-work, and to labor for their ſubſiſtence: they had nothing left of their family eſtates and fortunes but ſome wretched furniture, and an old picture of little value. This circumſtance reaching the ears of a wealthy Clergyman in the neighbourhood, who had received ſome favors from the family, he inſtantly repaired to the unfortunate females, and, fearful of wounding their delicacy, ſaid to them, with a ſmiling and affable air——

"I am informed, Ladies, that you have in your apartments a moſt valuable picture. I ſee it is by the hand of a great maſter; and, if it be not too great a favor, I would entreat you to part with it; for which I will ſettle an annuity of fifty pounds upon you, and it ſhall commence from this moment!"

The Ladies were at once aſtoniſhed and confounded; they knew not how to anſwer. He relieved them, by putting down a fifty pound note on the table; at the ſame time aſſuring them, that, if they ſent the picture according to his direction, they ſhould find that he would keep his promiſe.

ON THE CONCISE STYLE.

ONE of the firſt and moſt obvious diſtinctions of the different kinds of Style, is what ariſes from an author's ſpreading out his thoughts more or leſs. This diſtinction forms what are called the Diffuſe and the Conciſe Styles. A conciſe writer compreſſes his thoughts into the feweſt poſſible words; he ſeeks to employ none but ſuch as are moſt expreſſive; he lops off, as redundant, every expreſſion which does not add ſomething material to the ſenſe. Ornament he does not reject; he may be lively and figured; but his ornament is intended for the ſake of force rather than grace. He never gives you the ſame thought twice. He places it in the light which appears to him the moſt ſtriking; but if you do not apprehend it well in that light, you need not expect to find it in any other. His ſentences are arranged with compactneſs and ſtrength, rather than with cadence and harmony. The utmoſt preciſion is ſtudied in them; and they are commonly deſigned to ſuggeſt more to the reader's imagination than they directly expreſs.

BLAIR.

GILES JOLT.

GILES Jolt, as ſleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggiſh pilf'rers ſtole his team away.
Giles wakes, and cries—What's here? Odſdickins! what!
Why, how now? Am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've loſt ſix geldings to my ſmart;
If not—odſbuddikins, I've found a cart.

DIED,

At Boſton, the Hon. SAMUEL ADAMS, Eſq. late Governor of that Commonwealth, aged 80.

THE MOURNER.

HENCE! cruel life no more perſiſt
To warm this ſad, this broken heart!
When HENRY's clay-cold hand I kiſs'd,
How welcome, Death, had been thy dart!

Speechleſs, they ſay, benumb'd I ſeem'd,
While his laſt precious breath I caught;
No tears to ſooth my ſorrow ſtream'd,
And agony ſuſpended thought.

They tell me, thunder's rent the air;
That vivid lightning's flaſh'd around;
But I beheld no lightning's glare,
Nor heard the pealing thunder ſound.

They tell me, that my helpleſs child
I from my arms with fury toſs'd,
It might be ſo; for I was wild,
The mother in the wife was loſt.

They tell me, on th' unconſcious corſe,
At length bereft of ſenſe, I fell.
Ah! bleſſed ſtate, of balm the ſource;
It clos'd my ears to HENRY's knell.

But happy ſtate reſembling death,
Why is your balmy ſtupor flown?
Ah! why reſtore a wretch's breath?
For I can only live to moan.

E'en reaſon ſays I juſtly weep,
And ah! ſhe ſays I weep in vain;
My midnight couch with tears I ſteep,
Then riſe at morn, to weep again.

When to my heart my child I fold,
She only deepens every ſigh;
I think, while I her charms behold,
How ſhe'd have pleas'd her father's eye.

And I from her liſping tongue,
Soft childhood's artleſs accents hear;
I think, with vain remembrance wrung,
How ſhe'd have charm'd her father's ear;

I think, but O forbear, fond heart!
From vain regrets to duties turn.
Yes, I will act a parent's part,
I'll tear myſelf from HENRY's urn.

In life I ſtill one charm can ſee;
One flower adorns that dreary wild;
That flower for care depends on me.
O precious charge! 'tis HENRY's Child.

POOR MARGUERITE.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

SWIFT o'er the wild and dreary waſte
A nut-brown maid was ſeen to haſte:
Wide-waving was her unbound hair,
And ſun-ſcorch'd was her boſom, bare!
For Summer's noon had ſhed its beams
As ſhe lay wrapp'd in fev'riſh dreams;
While on the withher'd hay-ſtack ſide,
By turns ſhe ſlept, by turns ſhe cried—
"Ah! where lies hid the balſam ſweet,
"To heal the wounds of Marguerite?"

Dark was her large but ſunken eye,
Which widely gaz'd upon the ſky;
And ſwiftly down her freckl'd face
The unfelt dews began to pace;
For ſhe was lorn, and many a day
Had all alone been doom'd to ſtray:
And many a night her boſom warm
Had throbb'd beneath the pelting ſtorm:
And ſtill ſhe ſigh'd—"The rain falls ſweet;—
"It bathes the wounds of Marguerite."

Acroſs the waſte of printleſs ſnow,
All day the nut-brown maid would go:
And when the winter moon had ſhed
Its pale beams o'er the mountain's head,
She on a broomy pillow lay,
To watch the tardy glimpſe of day;
While the cold breath of dawn-light flew
Acroſs the fields of frozen dew;
And then ſhe cried—"The air is ſweet;
"It fans the breaſt of Marguerite!"

The weedy lane ſhe lov'd to tread
When ſtars their twinkling luſtre ſhed;
While from the lone and ſilent cot
The watchful cur aſſail'd her not,
Tho' at the beggar he would fly,
And fright the trav'ler paſſing by;
But ſhe ſo kind and gentle ſeem'd,
Such ſoftneſs in her dark eyes beam'd,
That ſavage fierceneſs could not greet
With leſs than ſmiles—poor Marguerite!

And why did ſhe, with ſun-burnt breaſt,
So wander, and ſo ſcorn to reſt?
Why did the nut-brown maiden go
O'er burning plain and waſtes of ſnow!
What bade her fev'riſh boſom ſigh,
And dimm'd her large and hazel eye;
And ſtole the hour of ſlumber ſweet
From the ſcorch'd brain of Marguerite?

Soon ſhalt thou know;—for, ſee how, lorn,
She climbs the ſteep of ſhaggy thorn!
Now on the jutting cliff ſhe ſtands,
And claſps her cold but ſnow-white hands:
She ſighs—"Farewell!" and, bending low,
Looks trembling on the main below,
And liſt'ning, ev'ry wave to hear,
Calls from the deep her Henry dear!
Then topples from the rock, to meet
The plighted love of Marguerite!

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF MR. QUIN.

MR. QUIN was the ſon of an Engliſh gentleman, who, in order to improve his fortune, in the early part of his life, went over to America, where he married a lady, with whom he continued to live for ſome years; but having no children, he left her, and returned to England, from whence he went over to Ireland, where he married another lady, his former wife ſtill living; and by her he had this celebrated actor.

As his father kept his new family entirely ignorant of his former alliance, his ſon was educated in all that elegance which was ſuppoſed neceſſary for the heir apparent to a pretty eſtate. He was ſent to a grammar ſchool, and afterwards to the univerſity of Dublin, where he continued till his father died, who leaving no will, young Quin came into the poſſeſſion of the eſtate, without any oppoſition at firſt, but was ſoon alarmed with a claim from America, the heirs at law to his father grounding their rights upon Quin's being illegitimate. This claim was too well ſupported and proved, not to ſucceed; ſo that the unfortunate Quin, being diſinherited, was obliged to go upon the Iriſh ſtage.

Very little was expected from his firſt attempts; and for want of encouragement, and perhaps deſirous of improvement, he came to England. His reception here was not much ſuperior to what he had met with in Ireland. Mean characters only were aſſigned to him; ſuch as the Lieutenant of the Tower in Richard the Third, and Banquo in Macbeth.

Thus he continued for ſome years, till Booth died, when Cato, which was then a favorite character with the public, being in danger of falling for want of an actor to ſupport it, Mr. Quin was put into it merely as a caſe of neceſſity. The part was therefore printed in the bills of the day, to be *attempted* by Mr. Quin.

The modeſty of this invitation produced a full houſe, and a favourable audience; but the actor's own peculiar merit effected more. When he came to that part of the play, where the dead ſon is brought in upon the bier, Quin, in ſpeaking theſe words, "Thanks to the Gods, my boy has "done his duty!" ſo affected the whole houſe, that they cried out, with continued exclamation,—Booth outdone! Booth outdone!

From that time Mr. Quin became a favourite of the public; and aroſe through the gradations of his employment, till he was made manager of Drurylane play-houſe.

His ſkill or his addreſs as a manager, are not much applauded; but his merit, as an actor, overbalanced that defect, and ſtill kept him in his ſtation. What gave him the ſevereſt blow in his profeſſion, was the extreme popularity into which Mr. Garrick came, about the time that he was beginning to decline. In vain did Quin crack his jokes upon his antagoniſt;—Garrick was followed, and Quin forſaken:—ſo that what Quin called an hereſy in taſte, was at laſt univerſally allowed to be a reformation. This gave occaſion to the following bon mot, and ſmart reply. On being told, that Goodman's Fields was crowded every night to ſee the new actor, Quin ſaid, "That "Garrick was a new religion. Whitefield was "followed for a time; but they would all come "to church again."

Mr. Garrick, who had a quick and happy talent, in turning an epigram, gave this humourous reply to Quin's bon mot:

"Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
"Complains that hereſy corrupts the town;
"Schiſm, he cries, has turn'd the nation's brain:
"But eyes will open, and to church again!
"Thou great infallible, forbear to roar;
"Thy bulls and errors are never'd no more;
"When doctrines meet with general approbation,
"It is not hereſy, but reformation."

Mr. Quin, therefore, after reigning many years abſolute monarch of the ſtage, was obliged, reluctantly, to abdicate the throne, and leave "the "young fellow" in quiet poſſeſſion of his ſtage; convinced, at length, that Garrick was "right, "and that the reſt of the players had all been "wrong."

Time, however, enabled him to get the better of his chagrin. He even grew fond of "little "Davy!" and Davy conceived a ſincere regard for Quin; who, indeed, poſſeſſed virtues which command the eſteem of thoſe who intimately knew him.

When Quin retired from the ſtage, he went to reſide at Bath. He had bought an annuity of two hundred a year from the Duke of Bedford, and this, added to about ſeven thouſand pounds more, which his friend Sir Samſon Gideon had emolled in 'Change Alley for him, contributed to make the latter part of his life eaſy and independent.

He was always addicted to epicuriſm, and at laſt became notorious for his fondneſs of good eating. The fiſh called John Dory, every body knows, was firſt introduced by him to the tables of the delicate. He was all the time an agreeable, facetious companion, and many of his jeſts and bon mots deſerve real applauſe.

He died in the ſeventy-third year of his age, of a mortification in his arm, occaſioned by a ſlight ſcratch of his fore-finger. Mr. Garrick wrote an epitaph for his great predeceſſor, which is engraven on the monument erected to the memory of Mr. Quin, in the abbey-church at Bath;—an epitaph which, ſubſtituting the initials D. G. inſtead of "James Quin," would be equally applicable to the writer.

"That tongue which ſat the table on a roar,
"And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more;
"Clos'd are thoſe eyes, the harbingers of wit,
"Which ſpake before the tongue what Shakeſpeare writ;
"Cold is that hand, which, living, was ſtretch'd forth
"At Friendſhip's call, to ſuccour modeſt worth.
"Here lies James Quin—Deign, reader to be taught,
"Whate'er thy ſtrength of body, force of thought,
"In nature's happieſt mould, however caſt,
"To this complexion thou muſt come at laſt."

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